

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

My Maggie, my beautiful darling,
Creep into my arms, my sweet,
Let me fold you again to my bosom,
So close I can hear your heart beat.
What! these little fingers been sewing?
One's pricked by the needles I see,
These hands shall be kept from such labor
When once they are given to me.

All mine, little pet, I will shield you
From trouble and labor and care,
I will robe you like some fairy princess,
And jewels shall gleam in your hair.
Those slippers you gave me are perfect,
That dressing gown fits to a T—
My darling, I wonder that Heaven
Should give such a treasure to me.

Eight—nine—ten—eleven! my precious,
Time flies so when I am with you,
It seems but a moment I've been here,
And now, must I say it?—Adieu!

AFTER MARRIAGE.

Oh, Meg! you are heavy—I'm tired!
Go sit in the rocker, I pray;
Your weight seems a hundred and ninety
When you plump down in that sort of way.
You had better be mending my coat sleeve;
I've spoken of it before,
And I want to finish this novel
And look over those bills from the store.

This dressing gown sets like the dickens;
These slippers run down at the heel;
Strange, anything can never look decent;
I wish you would know how they feel.
What's this bill from Morgan's? Why,
Surely it's not for another new dress?
Look here! I'll be bankrupt ere New Year,
Or your store bills will have to grow less.

Eight o'clock? Meg, sew on this button
As soon as you finish that sleeve.
Heigh ho! I'm so drowsily sleepy,
I'll pile off to bed I believe.

THE CYNOCERHALUS.

A MIDNIGHT HORROR.

Twenty-five years ago one of the most famous private collections of wild animals was the one possessed by the Earl of Derby at Knowsley, Lancashire, England. This gentleman was the grandfather of the present distinguished statesman, and father of the late and still more famous man, Macaulay's "Rupert of Debate." The zoological collection was fostered and sustained with wonderful care and at a large annual outlay. Emissaries were employed in all parts of the world to procure rare specimens, and so perfect were the arrangements for their reception at Knowsley that the animals seemed to forget utterly their lost liberty when the rather eccentric Earl became their possessor.

Among this varied and valuable collection was a magnificent specimen of the orang-outang, or cynocephalus. Its height when standing erect was nearly five feet six inches; its limbs were enormous, and its breadth across the shoulders indicated prodigious strength. Long, coarse, black hair covered its huge frame from head to foot, and when anything occurred to excite its ill-temper its features became terribly fierce and repulsive.

Not far from the Earl's beautiful residence there dwelt at that time a well-to-do farmer, who had acted for some years as one of the assistant stewards to Lord Derby. He had recently become a widower, his wife having died in her confinement. The farmer's household consisted of himself, the baby aged four months, and an old woman who did general duty as nurse and housekeeper. The house occupied a lonely position, there being no other dwelling within half a mile or so, and a long and severe winter had set in, covering the entire country round about with a carpet of snow.

One dark and memorable night the widowed farmer had retired to rest, having partaken of his supper in his bedroom on account of the comfortable fire which that chamber boasted, and because it was his custom to have his child's cradle in that room. Whenever the nurse was required at night-time the father rang a bell which communicated with her apartments immediately above, access to which was obtained by a narrow flight of stairs. On the night in question the young infant lay in blissful unconsciousness in its warm cot near the cheerful fire, and the father lying in bed "between sleep and wake." Presently he heard his chamber door open slowly, and he roused himself slightly to see what the faithful old nurse required, for he concluded it was she who was about to enter. But she did not enter. The door remained open, and the farmer was on the eve of speaking softly to the nurse, when, gently and with a cautious, noiseless tread, the monstrous orang-outang glided into the room. The farmer sank back in his bed dismayed, and his dismay probably saved his life, for the visitor—a fitting envoy from "Night's plutonian shore"—convinced by the ignorance of his presence. The creature then proceeded to the neighborhood of the fire-place, near which in its cradle the child lay, happily unaware of the grisly intruder's existence. The bright flames in the old red wainscoted chamber gave it a rich Rembrandt touch. On a small table were the remains of the farmer's supper, which had consisted of a fowl. These the animal desecrated, and for a few minutes they afforded it considerable interest, its thoughts and reflections being seemingly concentrated upon the anatomical arrangements of the deceased bird.

After toying with the bones and other remnants of the repast the brute's attention was suddenly attracted to the cradle. To walk nearly erect was the normal habit of this ill-favored beast. He quietly approached the sleeping child and squatted down at its side. It is probable that among the select visitors to Lord Derby's museum the baboon had never seen an infant any way so frail and young. The sight was therefore very novel, and he gazed upon the unconscious creature with manifest interest as he removed the coverlet from its sleeping form. The father, from out the curtains of his bed, be-

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLU ME IV.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1875.

NUMBER 21.

held the entire proceedings with indescribable agony. It was not presence of mind which prevented him from leaping out to the rescue, but a feeling of spell-bound helplessness. The poor farmer was not deficient in ordinary courage, and would have faced a dozen of his own species without a particle of fear had circumstances demanded it, but he felt utterly incapable of wrestling with such a foe as the one now sitting before the ruddy chamber fire. After a little while the creature lifted the infant from the cradle and placed it with infinite tenderness upon the hearth-rug. It then proceeded to make a rigid examination of the child's limbs, so soft and plump, and so devoid of all hirsute decoration. It was this fact that probably amazed and staggered the examiner most. He no doubt retained some recollection of the young progeny of his own kith and kin in the days of his liberty in the distant African forests, but never before had he gazed upon a little alabaster form like this. So gently had he removed the babe from its cot, and so considerably did he conduct his researches, that its sleep survived the process. Apparently satisfied in the extreme with his investigation, the monster—monster with touch so delicate!—transferred his attentions to a general scrutiny of the chamber in which he now found himself, without invitation, and possibly with greater emotions of surprise than those experienced by the farmer, if that could be.

Furniture was certainly a novel spectacle, for in his recent home a dead, leafless tree was the sole decorative article, and he now roamed the room with such a look of critical acumen that he strongly resembled an auctioneer's clerk, taking an inventory of the household property. The old-fashioned bed in which the farmer lay, in speechless suspense, was evidently destined to come last upon the intruder's catalogue, but come it did, and the terrible brute, exceeding in height the average human race, and with evidences of innate strength equally in excess, now stood at the farmer's side. The visitor remained there but for a moment, yet to the farmer, who had affected to be sound asleep, it was no such brief period of time. All at once a timid cry from the tiny child, who evidently preferred the cosiness of its cradle to the discomforts of the hearth-rug, altered the programme instantly. The baboon immediately deserted the father and ran to the child.

The nurse, from her room above, had heard the cry, the doors being purposely open, and she prepared to descend the narrow stairs. But the wretched father could no longer support the awful tension in which his nerves had been held during the last ten minutes, and he gave vent to a wild, half-frantic shout. The monster was terrified and instantly prepared for escape. He leaped along the room to the housekeeper's staircase, where he encountered the unsuspecting old lady. More than the grim outline of the brute could not have been visible in that darkened stairway. The nurse and the brute appeared to have closed in a fixed embrace, for in that position they struggled and fell to the foot of the staircase. Then the brute disentangled itself from the old woman's hold and effected his escape from the house.

The scene which ensued can scarcely be imagined. The nurse lay apparently dead upon the ground, and the farmer stood by her unable at the moment to render her any assistance. It seemed to him most like a horrible dream, but the prostrate form of the housekeeper and the presence of the child upon the hearth-rug proved too clearly the substantial reality of the occurrences.

When the farmer nervously sufficient to minister to the nurse's requirements, he found that her nervous system had received an irreparable shock, from which she never recovered. She passed from one horror into another, and never regained enough consciousness to understand who her mysterious antagonist had been.

In the course of the following day the old woman died. On the morning after the occurrence of these events a diligent search was made for the missing brute, whose escape had soon become known when the keeper commenced his daily rounds. They had not to search far. They found the animal disporting in an adjoining wood and enjoying to the full extent his regained liberty. It was quite evident that he would not resign that liberty without a hard struggle for it. While the method of his capture was being debated, the news of the housekeeper's death and the events became known, and that was sufficient to sign the death-warrant of the unwitting cause of her decease. It was a hard fate, and so he quietly obeyed the summons conveyed to him through the medium of three minnie bullets, and expired after a checkered enjoyment of twenty-four hours' freedom.

The carcass of this huge brute may now be seen in the William Brown Museum in Liverpool, most successfully stuffed and picturesquely poised upon a miniature cliff, with a stout staff in one hand and the other hanging listlessly at his side.

No one who views this magnificent specimen of the cynocephalus will ever wish that he had formed any other or closer acquaintanceship with the formidable animal when alive; yet at the same time the creature's dog-like head suggests a canine intelligence and honesty inviting some degree of human trust. Amongst the ancient Egyptians the cynocephalus (meaning the dog-faced baboon) was held in great veneration as the supposed possessor of superhuman powers, and was even selected by them as the symbol of intellect and to represent their god of letters, Thoth.

Whether the above true story indicates the greater intelligence for the brute, or the human beings whom he so terrified, is for the reader to decide.

Judging from Appearance.

In other years, when Maine was a district of Massachusetts, Ezekiel Whitman was among the chosen to represent the district in the Massachusetts Legislature. He was an eccentric man, and one of the best lawyers of his time. In those days Whitman owned a farm, and did much work upon his land; and it so happened that when the time came for him to set out for Boston his best suit of clothes was a suit of homespun. His wife objected to his going in that garb, but he did not care.

"I will get a nice fashionable suit made as soon as I reach Boston," he said.

Reaching his destination, Whitman found rest at Doolittle's City Tavern. Let it be understood that he was a graduate of Harvard, and at this tavern he was at home.

As he entered the parlor of the house he found that several ladies and gentlemen were there assembled, and he heard a remark from one of them, "Ah, here comes a countryman of the real homespun genus. Here's fun." Whitman stared at the company, and then sat down.

"Say, my friend, you are from the country," remarked one of the gentlemen.

"Ya-as," answered Ezekiel, with a ludicrous twist of the face.

The ladies tittered.

"And what do you think of our city?"

"It's a poaty thick-settled place, anyhow. It's got a sweepin' sight of housin' in it."

"And a good many people, too."

"Ya-as, I should reckon so."

"Many people where you come from?"

"Wal, some."

"Plenty of ladies, I suppose?"

"Ya-as, a fair sprinklin'."

"And I don't doubt you are quite a beau among them."

"Ya-as, I bea' 'em home—tew meetin' and singin' 'schewl'."

"Perhaps the gentleman from the country will take a glass of wine?"

"Thank-ee. Don't keef if I do."

The wine was brought.

"Oh, get out! I eat toasts—never heard o' sich a thing as drinkin' it. But I kin give ye a sentiment."

The ladies clapped their hands; but what was their surprise when the stranger, rising, spoke calmly and clearly, in tones ornate and dignified, as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every blessing that earth can afford; and may you grow wiser and better with advancing years, bearing in mind that outward appearances are often deceitful. You mistook me from my dress for a country booby, while I, from the same superficial cause, thought you were ladies and gentlemen. The mistake has been mutual."

He had just spoken, when Caleb Strong, the Governor of the State, entered and inquired for Mr. Whitman.

"Ah—here I am, Governor. Glad to see you." Then, turning to the dumb-founded company: "I wish you a very good evening."

And he left them feeling about as small and cheap as it is possible for full grown people to feel.

Ancient Cathay.

The Chinamen who walked over bridges built 2,000 years ago, who cultivated the cotton plant centuries before this country was heard of, and who fed silk-worms before King Solomon built his throne, have 5,000 square miles around Shanghai which have been tilled by countless generations. This area is as large as New York and Pennsylvania combined—is all meadow land, raised but a few feet above the river—lakes, rivers, canals—a complete network of water communication; the land under the highest tith; three crops a year harvested; population so dense that wherever you look you see men and women in blue pants and blouse, so numerous that you fancy some fair or muster coming off and all hands have turned out for a holiday.—*Ex.*

"That carpet," said a dealer to an old farmer the other day, "that carpet is one dollar thirty per yard; but, seeing it's you, you can have it for one dollar twenty." While he was cutting it off, the farmer proudly said to his wife: "I never met him before, but you see he takes me for some big man. Now, then, Mariah, see what 'tis to have a husband who looks smartish."

—Can you spell consent in three letters? Y-e-s.

The United States Lake Survey.

BY A NATURALIST.

(HOW IT HAPPENED.)

It was at a Methodist picnic—and let me say here that Methodist picnics are sources of much misery as well as pleasure. It was one of these picnics that caused me to experience both of the sensations.

It was just before dinner—one of those old-fashioned dinners on a long table in a shady grove, where stiff etiquette is laid aside, and one forgets the cares of life and thinks only of pleasure and the cravings of a hungry nature,—that I was boat-riding upon the lake, when my attention was attracted by a long, black, six-oared cutter, (I didn't know its name then.) A man was standing on the platform of the bow casting a lead line; I couldn't tell for the life of me what he was doing at that time; while two men were seated in the stern, one calling the perpetual "sound" and recording while the other held the helm and steered for an object on shore. I did not understand the manoeuvres of these gentlemen at that time, and here I may as well own that I am as green as a fish out of water, in every instance where something new appears that I have never observed before, and acting according to a certain enthusiastic freak of my nature, I rush on, expose my greenness and see the elephant.

I observed that the object on shore, was a man, holding a flag which he waved to the right or left, according as the cutter varied from the meridian on which they were sounding. On going ashore I learned from the flagman (as I subsequently found his position to be,) that they were sounding, and this was a divisional party of the U. S. Lake Survey, belonging to a camp at —. That they were surveying, or rather making a map of the lake, that is, taking the hydrography of the water, and the topography of a strip of the shore.

But why this vast expenditure of money? I am only able to answer that it is essential for commerce, for by this means navigators become acquainted with the bottom of the lakes, and know where it is safe to sail, and where not. What proper places may be picked out for life-saving stations, where dangerous shoals are liable to wreck vessels, and where a light is a great improvement; we must not be behind the times; in case of war the lakes are thoroughly understood, their depths fathomed, their peculiarities known, &c. And what is expended now may in some future time be saved in a country's peril.

One of the greatest schemes of Jefferson's was in advising a general coast survey. It may be argued, on the contrary, that the lakes were surveyed some half century ago by the British. But in defence of the first argument we would say that either their instruments were imperfect and their works incorrect, or else nature has changed those lakes wonderfully since then. We will leave the new charts to speak for themselves.

I learned from the flagman that the camp docked a *man*, here the old fellow smiled grimly as he glanced down at me. I said nothing but walked away, thinking. I took a boat and attempted to row to the camp which was six miles off, but after rowing a mile I turned back discouraged to find the picnic gone, and a long walk before me.

The next day I went to the camp and found the officers just ready to start off in his cutter, and the following conversation took place between him and myself:

"Do you want a man?" said I.

"Yes, I want a *man*."

"Will you hire me?" I continued.

"Hire you?" he asked in astonishment, (you see I am not very big.) "What in heavens now, can you do?"

"I can try to do what is required of me," I said.

"Can you row?"

I shuddered as I glanced at the heavy sixteen foot oars, and replied, "some six."

The officer laughed, and turning to one of the men who stood by, he asked: "Johnson, how long can this *man* stand it to row?"

"O, a quarter of a day, maybe."

"Why 'Johnny'?" he said, turning to me, "You 'aint big and stout enough to chaw hard tack."

The men roared with laughter, and the officer hustling off into his boat said ironically, I thought, "We don't want a *man*."

The boat glided swiftly out of sight, and I sat down upon a big log in despair, ready to shed tears over the grave of hope.

(To be continued.)

A rich American in Paris discovered that an unpleasant-looking fellow followed him every day from morning till night. He became uneasy, and diplomatic inquiry was made as to whether the man who watched him was connected with the police. As a result of much negotiation, the unpleasant person was arrested, and proved to be a gatherer of butts of cigars. The rich American only smoked famous brands, and only smoked them half up, and it paid to follow him.

Essay.

Read by Miss M. C. Norton, before the Albion Centre Grange.

Thousands of years have passed since the promise was given that while the earth remained, there should be "seed time and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat."

We, who so long felt the stern reign of winter, are now rejoicing in the thought that its icy fetters are broken, that earth has thrown off her snowy mantle, although bare and brown as she appears, still we exult in the thought that spring has come.

With what earnest expectation did we long look forward to the time when the beautiful warblers of field and wood, would again gladden us with their songs. Eagerly shall we watch for the first green blades that spring forth, for the swelling buds, and for all that harbingers the early spring.

With anxious hopes the seed will be dropped in the deeply-furrowed earth; and while everything seems teeming with new-born life, man forgets for a time that toil is inevitable.

The gladsome spring-time of earth may wisely be compared to childhood and youth. In the comparison we find sunshine and showers, smiles and tears; choice plants that are early garnered; bright jewels that are early garnered; beautiful flowers that soon decay; boyant hopes soon blasted. Such comparisons might be carried out indefinitely, but these few will serve our purpose.

We often speak of a transient summer day, and may we not speak in the same terms of the spring-time? Ere we are aware, it has passed. But have we not had golden opportunities! And the question arises, have we improved them to the best of our abilities?

After taking a glance backward, and then at the present, may we not say that those who are living in this nineteenth century, both young and old, are living in the spring-time of this republic? The generations of to-day will be responsible for the issue. To-day we may sow seeds that shall bring forth a more abundant harvest than was ever garnered; or by indiscretion and indifference, produce an opposite, such as the pages of history have never recorded.

To-day the true woman is taking her place in the civilized world; not as a slave and subordinate, nor as a slave and politician, but as a help-mate for man, as it was designed aforetime that she should be. To-day, she may assume a position in society without fear of reproach, that even fifty years ago would have stigmatized her forever.

It is our privilege as men and women, to break up the soil of ignorance, and sow the seeds of knowledge. We may, by strict carefulness and thorough perseverance, uproot many of the weeds that are fast gaining ground by our lack of energy.

We need not confine our observations to our own country to see how fast long established customs are melting away like ice beneath an April sun. Look at other countries and see how much is being done for the advancement of female education.

We look with an honest pride to see what rapid improvement has been made in science, art and mechanism; yet each day broader fields are unfolding, more earnest effort is called for, and deeper thought, that shall equal the necessities, or rather the demand of the hour. We find that, in many respects, we are living not only in the spring-time of the year, but astutely in the spring-time of revolutions that shall be the rise or fall not only of a nation but of nations. Then,

Joyfully we greet thee, Spring;
Wild, fierce winds are o'er,
Leaves will deck the trees again,
Birds will sing once more.

Now the plow-boy blithe and free,
Up at early sun,
Mingles in the joyous glee,
Till his task is done.

Wearied eyes will beam more bright,
Nature's smiles to see,
Hearts will bound with warm delight,
We all welcome thee.

—Linen dusters are said to be more favorite measures of value among the Indians in the vicinity of Austin, Nevada, than greenbacks.

—The Louisville Courier-Journal, in reply to the pathetic question of a woman, "How shall I keep my husband at home in the evening?" says it can be done easily enough by opening a first-class beer garden in the back yard.

At a school examination a clergyman made a brief address to the pupils on the necessity of obeying their teachers and growing up loyal and useful citizens. To emphasize his remarks he pointed to a large national flag spread on one side of the room, and inquired: "Boys, what is that flag for?" A little urchin, who understood the condition of the house better than the speaker, promptly answered, "To hide the dirt, sir."

—As twice eleven are twenty-two, how can twice ten be twenty, too.

Hudson's First Exploration.

A magnificent scene spread all around. The neighboring shores were covered with noble oaks, and the winding inlet of the sea appeared to tempt the voyager into promising regions of fertility. The savages paid him many visits; but Hudson did not care to be detained more than a week. Sailing then through the Narrows, he found himself in a convenient harbor at the mouth of the river, which he proceeded to explore. This was the stream which has since been known by the great navigator's name. For ten days he proceeded up the river, at first admiring the rich woods, grasses, and flowers which clothed its banks, and the odors which were wafted on the still autumn air towards his ship, but at length oppressed by the melancholy overgrowth of the desert. He advanced so far that a boat which he sent, got off a little beyond the site of Albany. The Indians inhabiting the land, belonged for the most part to the great Algonquin family, and Hudson communicated with them as well as he could. But the land was so thinly peopled as to be in a great degree solitary. Interminable forests, which no axe had ever touched, burdened the ground, springing rankly from the marshy soil which spread its ooze about their roots. Successive generations of these trees lay prone beneath the shade of those which had succeeded them; the pools and swamps were alive with reptiles; and wild animals, devoid of fear where man so seldom came, saw the passage of Hudson's ship along the channel with quiet wonder. Everything was lonely, neglected and strange. Vines were to be seen festooning many of the trees; yet the general aspect of Nature was not cheerful. The river, often choked by vast beds of reeds, diverted by sand-bars, or hindered by the dull growth of willows and sycamores, formed at irregular intervals of its progress, dismal swamps, the malarious air of which was dark with mosquitoes, weaving their airy dances with the incessant activity of insect life. Rotting waters and decaying vegetation made every breath a peril. The land was beautiful, but deadly; and Hudson, satisfied by his examination he had made, retraced his course down the river, and once more gained the ocean.—*Cassell's "Illustrated History of the United States" for April.*

Duty.

What is duty? Perhaps, in all our concerns in life, there is no more puzzling question—nothing more intricate than, *what is duty*. Duty calls, but one way at a time. To settle down, directly upon the line of duty is a most pleasing attitude. In some callings it is quite easy to decide; circumstances make the path of duty very plain. To know duty in more trying situations demands our best judgment. Self-respect, respect to others, most good to all, surrounding circumstances, secondary influences, and least selfishness, to be considered.

To announce duty, calling you to another post, and you remain in your present position, is to care little or nothing for yourself or others. Real duty is never selfish, but in wisdom humbly calls, and in justice demands prompt and true obedience. This true and ready obedience readily surmounts all seeming difficulties, and finds the happy path that ends in complete success. Half the trials in life are born of a *double mind*. You care not to know, were too indolent to kneel at wisdom's altar, or selfishness barred you; and you are immersed in uncounted and almost unbearable difficulties. Duty has a single voice; you shall hear it if you listen; it is no uncertain sound. Duty seeks no easy place, but designs the highest good, and brings it to pass if allowed in wisdom to direct. Duty's bright jewels are often cast to the dust, and trampled beneath the feet of ease and preferment. Like pure gold, duty gets brightest lustre in constant use. I would have duty, "Noble Grand," in all my acts in life.

E. D. PHILLIPS.

Colosse, May 4th, 1875.

Facts and Fancies.

—Between two evils choose neither.

—The end of everything—the letter g.

—Even the laziest boy can sometimes catch a whipping.

—How much does a fool weigh generally? A simpleton.

—Beet root sugar can be made in California at seven cents a pound, including every expense.

—"I am bound to have my rights," as the man said to the shoemaker who had sold him a pair of boots, both lefts.

—What is the difference between a belle and a burglar? The belle carries false locks, and the burglar false keys.

—Enterprise. The Chicago Times sold twenty thousand extra copies on the strength of the editor's going to jail.

—When Agassiz was pressed to deliver a lecture for pay, he replied: "I cannot afford to waste my time for money."

It has been said of old that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Try it. Take a bird (any bird will do) in your hand, and hold it securely; then take a passage in the first vessel you can find (any vessel will do) and proceeded to the Antipodes, still retaining the bird in the hand where the bush is supposed to be. When you arrive examine the bird which you have in your hand and compare it with any two birds you can find in the bush. Estimate their relative value. You will find that the proverb has led you astray. Again. It has been said that "It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back." Imprimis, how long would a man go about until he had satisfied himself that he had found the "last straw"? But we will grant, for the sake of argument, that the last straw has been found. Now take your camel (any camel will do) and cautiously deposit that straw upon the back of the camel, and carefully observe whether the spine of that quadruped is dislocated. It is to be imagined not. How then this proverb? Once more. It has been spoken, and written, that if you, "Take care of the pence, the pound will take care of themselves." Mark the experiment. Take pence say three pence) and place them in your purse, and put your purse in your pocket, button your pocket, if your pocket is buttonable; or deposit the three pence with your banker, or invest them in a Canadian oilwell. Next take a sovereign (anybody's sovereign will do) and place it carefully on the pavement (the center of a coal plate is not a bad spot), and after retiring up the stage, and "dissembling" observe how that sovereign will take care of itself.—*Punch.*

The Fiji Islanders.

The first thing which strikes the attention on landing in Fiji is the length to which the native men wear their hair, and they spend much time in dressing it. They are very fond of decorations, such as necklaces, armlets, and ornaments in the hair. They wear a scanty dress of white calico. Their limbs are quite at liberty, and their free action gives them a fine, noble gear. It seems strange that the men should wear their hair long and curled, and the women have theirs cut quite short.

The Fiji women, as a rule, are shorter than the men, and very stout. I was introduced to Queen Lydia, the wife of his august majesty Takomban; she is a remarkably fine, handsome-looking woman; but, like the rest, very stout, though better proportioned. We were also introduced to the king, and shook hands with him on board the steamer. No sooner had wedropped anchor than he came alongside in his canoe, to inspect the ship. The engine-room seemed to baffle his comprehension. It is now nearly twenty years since King Takombau, who recently sent his war-club to Queen Victoria as a symbol of voluntary submission, publicly disowned idolatry, and so far yielded to the influence of the missionaries as to tolerate Christianity.

Methodists, who had been allowed to labor undisturbed in the field which they first occupied, number 25,468 church members in Fiji, with 4,450 candidates on trial; while the character of their past work is to some extent shown in the fact that they have 52 native ministers, and more than 49,000 children in their schools, amongst tribes once wholly given to cannibalism and the wildest excesses of savage life.—*Sunday at Home.*

The Boy on Labrosse Street.

When a Labrosse street boy is playing "hop-scotch" on the walk and his mother comes to the door and asks him to split some wood, he replies that he will be along in just one minute. At the end of ten minutes she opens the door and says:

"Wilyum, I want that wood!"

"I'm coming right now," he replies, and then goes on hopping here and there on one leg.

Another ten minutes flies away, and she opens the door and says:

"Wilyum, if you don't get that wood you know that your father will do!"

"Just ten seconds!" he calls back, and he enters upon a new game.

The next time she calls she says:

"Young man, its almost noon and I can't cook dinner without wood!"

"I know it—I'm coming now," he replies, and he stands on one foot and holds a long discussion with the Johnson boy as to whether the game of "hop-scotch" is as good a game as base ball. He has just started to hop when a boy whispers:

"Hi, Bill! there's your old dad!"

"Great Snakes!" whispers Bill, and he goes over the fence like a flash, grabs the ax, and during the next

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 12.50
If not paid within six months, \$2.50
These prices are variable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.
For Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.
All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions and Editorial Correspondence may be sent at the option of the writer, either to H. C. Rider, Editor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to F. L. Seliney, Associate Editor, Aurora, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

All communications relative to the Foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, HENRY WINTER SYLE, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
1 w. 2 w. 3 w. 3 m. 6 m. 1 y.
1 inch, 30 75 81 25 81 50 83 50 86 00 \$10 00
2 inches, 1 25 2 50 3 00 5 25 9 00 15 00
3 columns, 3 00 5 00 6 00 12 00 14 00 20 00
4 columns, 5 00 8 00 10 00 15 00 25 00 40 00
5 columns, 8 00 12 00 14 00 20 00 40 00 75 00
Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1875.

The Coming Convention of Deaf-Mutes.

Arrangements for the Sixth Biennial Convention of the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association, will be finished in a week or two, when a full programme of the proceedings and other matters connected with it, will be published in the JOURNAL. It is our intention to do the very best possible for all who attend, to make it as pleasant and convenient as we can for them, and we are sure all who can, will be with us at the gathering. Mr. FORT LEWIS SELINEY, our associate, will be orator of the day, and Mr. SAMUEL T. GREENE, of the Ontario Institution, Belleville, Canada, his substitute. The Convention will be held in Watertown on Wednesday, August 25th, and last three days, one of which will be spent in a delightful excursion among the beautiful Thousand Islands.

The Reason Why!

The New Jersey folks have, since 1871, been building an asylum for the insane, at Morris Plains, N. J. It is represented as fitted up in a style truly grand, and is to contain accommodations for six hundred patients. The cost will be three million dollars, and when done, which will be soon, it will be the largest in the world.

feels poor, and the good people in assembly represented, have concluded to economize in this way: Millions for asylums, not one cent for institutions.

Some Pertinent Quotations.

Under the head of "Wise and Unwise Economy in Schools," Charles W. Eliot has an excellent article in the June Atlantic, and we make a few extracts, which will apply with equal if not greater force to institutions for the deaf and dumb.

"Let us examine a few of the common ways of economizing in the public schools. One way is to build a very large building for school purposes, instead of several smaller ones. It is undoubtedly an economical measure, as regards both first cost and running expenses, to bring from five hundred to one thousand children under one roof. There is one head master with many assistants instead of several head masters, one lot of land, one many-storied building, one furnace and one janitor, instead of several lots, roofs, fires and servants. But this kind of economy impairs the quality of the schools. It is disadvantageous to bring a great number of children together in one building. The more children, the stricter and more repressive must be the discipline, the greater the risk of contagious disease, the more dangerous the influence of bad children, and the worse the heterogeneity of the school."

"This great and growing evil of heterogeneity is to be avoided only by multiplying schools."

"The common notion that all children should be taught alike, is eminently unreasonable, when the children have different inheritances, prospects and capacities. Now a large school tends to make children alike, because it moulds them all to one rigid pattern; but it is the interest of the community that each child's special gift or grace should be sedulously cultivated, not obliterated."

"A great agglomeration of children in a single school tends to make the product of the school an averaged product, which is a very undesirable thing in education. No community can afford to average its dollars with its geniuses; and it is an unmitigated evil that the bright and studious children should be kept back by the dull and lazy. Again, the theory of toughening children by putting them in contact with rudeness, foulness and dullness, is a gross absurdity, whether looked at from a moral or from a physiological point of view. The pure child should not be thrown with the impure, or the refined with the coarse. Every step in perfecting the mechanism of a great school as a mill for grinding out children who can read, write and cipher, is a step toward abridging childish spontaneity and individuality. Whenever five hundred or one thousand human beings, be they children or adults, are brought together for a common object, simultaneity and uniformity of movement and unreasoning obedience become necessary for the efficient management of the mass. They are the prime objects in every large school. For these reasons great school buildings are unwise economy."

"Another mode of economizing which we see practised, is to decrease the proportionate number of teachers, that is, to assign more pupils to each teacher. There is of course no pretence that this process can work anything but injury to the schools. The public schools are at the best very scantily provided with teachers; it is no uncommon thing to see forty, fifty, or even sixty children under the care of a single teacher. Few people realize the plain fact that there can be no good teaching of children without quick sympathy and perception in the teacher, and a strong personal influence going out from him. For the play of these forces close personal contact with the children is essential. These large rooms, raised platforms, and constant transfers of the pupils from one teacher to another give little opportunity for the intimate relations which should exist between the children and their teacher. The greater the number of pupils allotted to a single teacher, the less chance has the teacher to know and help each pupil, the less chance has he to recognize and foster peculiar talents in individuals. It is a common mistake to suppose that the teacher's duty is to treat all his pupils alike, to give as much time and thought to one as to another, or, if any distinction is made, to take most pains with the duller. Now, on the contrary, the true duty of a teacher both to the community and to his pupils, is to favor and help to the utmost the bright children. While he ought not to neglect the duller children, he should take the most pains with the finest of his material. The teachers of elementary schools have it in their power to pick out and help forward all the children who are of fine intellectual quality. This is a function of great importance, and the teachers should have full opportunity to make these selections, for whenever they fail to select a child of this quality, and to put him on the way to a thorough education, the community suffers a grievous loss. Twenty-five pupils are as many as any teacher, who is not an angel or genius, can teach well. There are exceptional men and women whose sweetness, tact and skill can overcome the most appalling obstacles to good teaching, but the public school must of course content itself with average teachers. To reduce the proportion of teachers to pupils is then a most injurious measure, which nothing but downright poverty can excuse."

ings, be they children or adults, are brought together for a common object, simultaneity and uniformity of movement and unreasoning obedience become necessary for the efficient management of the mass. They are the prime objects in every large school. For these reasons great school buildings are unwise economy."

"Another mode of economizing which we see practised, is to decrease the proportionate number of teachers, that is, to assign more pupils to each teacher. There is of course no pretence that this process can work anything but injury to the schools. The public schools are at the best very scantily provided with teachers; it is no uncommon thing to see forty, fifty, or even sixty children under the care of a single teacher. Few people realize the plain fact that there can be no good teaching of children without quick sympathy and perception in the teacher, and a strong personal influence going out from him. For the play of these forces close personal contact with the children is essential. These large rooms, raised platforms, and constant transfers of the pupils from one teacher to another give little opportunity for the intimate relations which should exist between the children and their teacher. The greater the number of pupils allotted to a single teacher, the less chance has the teacher to know and help each pupil, the less chance has he to recognize and foster peculiar talents in individuals. It is a common mistake to suppose that the teacher's duty is to treat all his pupils alike, to give as much time and thought to one as to another, or, if any distinction is made, to take most pains with the duller. Now, on the contrary, the true duty of a teacher both to the community and to his pupils, is to favor and help to the utmost the bright children. While he ought not to neglect the duller children, he should take the most pains with the finest of his material. The teachers of elementary schools have it in their power to pick out and help forward all the children who are of fine intellectual quality. This is a function of great importance, and the teachers should have full opportunity to make these selections, for whenever they fail to select a child of this quality, and to put him on the way to a thorough education, the community suffers a grievous loss. Twenty-five pupils are as many as any teacher, who is not an angel or genius, can teach well. There are exceptional men and women whose sweetness, tact and skill can overcome the most appalling obstacles to good teaching, but the public school must of course content itself with average teachers. To reduce the proportion of teachers to pupils is then a most injurious measure, which nothing but downright poverty can excuse."

There is much more in the article which will bear quotation, but the above will suffice. From beginning to end it is extremely sound, and we think it will be well for the *Annals* to publish it entire.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to descriptions of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Listener*.

The Kentucky Deaf-Mute has got a new press and has doubled itself. Being well edited and printed it is always a welcome visitor.

The Mutes' Chronicle has a new heading, with its name spelled in the characters of the manual alphabet. An engraving of the Ohio Institution is in the centre, the plate of which is very artistic, and being the work of John Barriack, the deaf-mute engraver, of Cincinnati, it is all the more pleasant to look upon. The Chronicle has been slightly enlarged and presents its usual features of selected and original matter.

They are a happy family at the New York Institution. At least, it seems so, for a Tribune interviewer writes: "The pupils say they are very well treated, and would be content to stay at the institution all their lives."

We find the following in the *Phrenological Journal* for February, and quote it for the benefit of the many who have desired information with respect to the wisdom of marriage between consins:

"The French Academy has of late had presented to it some curious statistics in relation to the subject of the marriage of blood relations. These have been largely published to warn the people of France against the danger of these marriages, which are said to amount to full two per cent. of all the marriages in that country. In Lyons and Paris it has been ascertained that while one child born in ordinary wedlock may be deaf and dumb, the proportion of children of blood relatives thus afflicted is 25 per cent. greater; in Bordeaux it was 30 per cent. The liability to this misfortune increases very greatly, according to the nearness of the relationship. On the other hand, it is a remarkable fact as connected with the marriage of persons who are deaf and dumb, but who are strangers in blood, that their children are generally able to speak and to hear."

ROBERT M. THOMAS, of Chicago, in a letter, says that he used to work in the office of the "Gallaudet Guide," while at Hartford, with Messrs. DRAPER, HOTCHKISS and PARKINSON. Mr. H. W. SYLE was one of the editors of that periodical.

A friend writes: The "Salem Silent Union" festival, which took place on the 20th of January last, under the general management of PHILIP W. PACKARD, was successful in every respect, even in pecuniary matters, there being one hundred and fifty persons present as the number of tickets showed. How was it got up? Were posters put up and the affair advertised in the way the New Jersey folks did in their late levee? No—such

display was not desired for this year, as it was thought best to begin at the foot of the ladder. How then? Simply this, circulars were sent only to friends in and near Salem, with few exceptions.

After all expenses were paid, the Silent Union was pleased to see that its treasury had been partly filled with greenbacks.

In regard to the pantomime, entitled "Box and Cox," performed on the occasion, it was said by an English actor, who was present, that this was really more pantomime than many which he had seen hearing actors perform. The scenery was handsome, and belongs to P. W. Packard, who lets it.

There is a very courteous druggist in a city in northern New York, who was traveling on the Erie railway some twenty years ago, in the same train with a number of deaf-mutes on their way home under the charge of Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet. Some of our older readers will recollect the accident that occurred at that time, by which the car containing the deaf-mutes was thrown down an embankment, but, fortunately, with few exceptions, the occupants were more scared than hurt. Well, this druggist has a vivid recollection of the occurrence, and whenever he meets a deaf-mute, as he did the other day, he is reminded of the scene, and repeats the story to such friends as may be around.

In this connection we are reminded of a bit of fact. As soon as Dr. Peet ascertained that there was no serious damage done, he telegraphed to his father, Dr. Harvey P. Peet, then principal of the New York Institution, thus: "None seriously injured." The telegraphic operator however got it, "Nine seriously injured." Imagine the feeling of the anxious principal, till a second telegram corrected the mistake.

Somewhere in or near Troy, N. Y., a married couple had a quarrel and would not speak to each other, except indirectly. The *modus operandi* on necessary occasions, was for one or the other to call their little child into a room and tell her something to say to the other, and if an answer was sent, she bore it back. This state of things continued for nine years, and only recently, on the death-bed of the wife, was the silence broken. This long period of silence must have been very painful, especially on the part of the wife and mother.

Deaf-Mute Paupers.

In the report of the Pennsylvania State Board of Public Charities, dated Feb. 18th, 1875, we note in the table of "Paupers maintained in Alms-houses on Sept. 31, 1874," the following number of deaf-mutes:

	Male.	Female.	Total.
Adults,	21	24	45
Children,	5	0	5
Total,	26	24	50

The total number of paupers in the State was 7,782.

If there are fifty deaf and dumb paupers in the almshouses of Pennsylvania, how many are there in the whole country?

And yet we are told there is no need of the "Home!" H. W. S.

Give us those Biographies!

Two or three years ago it was whispered about that Mr. J. R. Freeman, Rockford, Ill., was going to publish a book containing the lives of distinguished deaf-mutes. Whenever it was possible, the lives were to be written by the distinguished deaf-mutes themselves. It was rumored he had, among others, the autobiographies of Frank Read, editor of the *Advocate*; "Joe, the Jersey Mute," and Frank Baker, of Rochester, N. Y., with others equally illustrious.

Time has passed, and the Great Book has never been published. It is too cruel of Mr. Freeman to hide those autobiographies in his desk. The world wants to know what the two Franks and Joe have to say of themselves. Let us have the Book! C. T. B.

A Lecturer's Mistake.

Some public speakers are in the habit of selecting some bright, interesting and attentive face in their audiences, and addressing their remarks to that particular individual, as it were. Dickens always did so when reading. It is also the custom of a certain well-known lecturer, about whom this story is told:

On night he was lecturing in a Western town, and, as usual, on stepping upon the platform he swept the house at a glance in search of this necessary person. It was not long before his eye caught that of a bright, intelligent looking lady, sitting in one of the front seats. There is my auditor, he thought, as he turned over the leaves of his manuscript. I will address myself to her, for I have already taken a great interest in that thoughtful countenance.

As the lecture proceeded, he became conscious of the effect he was producing upon this auditor. The lady never took her eyes off his face, and her expression denoted the most earnest listening and intense sympathy. When his eyes twinkled, her face was wreathed in smiles; and when they filled with tears at some touching anecdote he was relating, she used her handkerchief freely. This is certainly very flattering, thought the lecturer; I do not know when I have had so sympathetic a listener. I declare I must manage to meet this lady before I leave the town. And he closed his manuscript feeling very well satisfied with himself and his audience.

As the people were leaving the house, he went up to one of the lecture committee, and said, running his fingers through his hair, and adjusting his necktie, "Who is that very intelligent looking lady in the blue bonnet who sat directly in front of me, and listened so attentively to my lecture?" "O, that was Miss Blank," was the re-

ply; "she is a deaf-mute, but she has read all your books, and was very anxious to see you, although she could hear nothing you said."

The Bar.

INJURIES TO THE EAR, AND HOW TO PREVENT THEM.

Among the causes of injury to the ear must, unfortunately, be reckoned bathing. Not that this healthful and important pleasure need, therefore, be in the least discouraged; but it should be wisely regulated. Staying too long in the water certainly tends to produce deafness as well as other evils; and it is a practice against which young persons of both sexes should be carefully on their guard. But, independently of this, swimming and floating are attended with a certain danger from the difficulty of preventing the entrance of water into the ear in those positions. Now, no cold fluid should ever enter the ear; cold water is always more or less irritating, and if used for syringing, rapidly produces extreme giddiness. In the case of warm water, its entrance into the ear is less objectionable, but even this is not free from disadvantage. Often the water lodges in the ears and produces an uncomfortable sensation till it is removed; this should always be taken as a sign of danger. That the risk to hearing from unwise bathing is not a fancy is proved by the fact, well known to lovers of dogs, that those animals, if in the habit of jumping or being thrown in to the water, so that their heads are covered, frequently become deaf. A knowledge of the danger is a sufficient guard. To be safe it is only necessary to keep the water from entering the ear. If this cannot be accomplished otherwise, the head may be covered. It should be added, however, that wet hair, whether from bathing or washing, may be a cause of deafness, if it is suffered to dry by itself. Whenever wetted, the hair should be wiped till it is fairly dry.

Nor ought the practice of moistening the hair with water, to make it curl, to pass without remonstrance. To leave wet hair about the ears is to run great risk of injuring them. In the washing of children, too, care should be taken that all the little folds of the outer ear are carefully and gently dried with a soft towel. But I come now to what is probably the most frequent way in which the ear is impaired; that is, by the attempt to clean it. It ought to be understood that the passage of the ear does not require cleaning by us. Nature undertakes that task, and in the healthy state, fulfills it perfectly. Her means for cleansing the ear is the wax. Perhaps the reader has never wondered what becomes of the ear-wax. I will tell him. It dries up into thin fine scales, and these peel off, one by one, from the surface of the passage, and fall out imperceptibly, leaving behind them a perfect clean, smooth surface. In health the passage of the ear is never dirty; but if we attempt to clean it, we, in fact, make it so. Here—by a strange lack of justice, as it would seem, which, I have already described as a *don't*, the bottom—the best people, those who love cleanliness, suffer most, and good and careful nurses do a mischief negligent ones avoid. Washing the ear out with soap and water is bad; it keeps the wax moist when it ought to become dry and scaly, increases its quantity unduly, and makes it absorb the dust with which the air always abounds. But the most hurtful thing is introducing the corner of the towel, screwed up, and twisting it around. This does more harm to ears than all other mistakes together. It drives down the wax upon the membrane, much more than it gets it out. Let any one who doubts this make a tube like the passage, especially with the curves which it possesses; let him put a thin membrane at one end, smear its inner surface with a substance like the ear-wax, and then try to get it out so by a towel! But this plan does much more mischief than merely pressing down the wax. It irritates the passage, and makes it cast off small flakes of skin, which dry up and become extremely hard, and these also are pressed down upon the membrane. Often it is not only deafness which ensues, but pain and inflammation and then matter is formed which the hard mass prevents from escaping, and the membrane becomes diseased, and worse may follow. The ear should never be cleaned out with the screwed-up corner of a towel. Washing should extend only to the outer surface, as far as the finger can reach.—*The Popular Science Monthly*.

MARRIED:

REDMAN-SULLIVAN—On Thursday, May 20, 1875, in Newark, N. J., by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., Mr. Smith Redman and Miss Hattie Sullivan, both graduates of the New York Institution.

The Phoenix Register says on Saturday, Master Vint Hamill, son of Dr. J. E. Hamill, captured the largest catfish of the season, by odds. It was a catfish, weighing 18 pounds 10 ounces, and he speared it in the race on the west side of the river. The fish was nearly as long as the lad was tall, and how he could capture it was a surprise to all who saw it.

Oswego has been designated by the Secretary of the Treasury, with the approval of the President, as a port en route for the entry or exit from or to Canada of merchandise in transit, intended under the treaty of Washington either for importation into the Dominion, or for exportation therefrom, via one of the seaboard ports; also for importation from Canada under consular seal, and for the transit of domestic or non-dutiable merchandise, and duty paid, or free goods, under the regulations of March 30, 1875.

Our Band was out Thursday night delighting the lovers of music with their sweet strains. They are fine musicians, and our citizens would like to have them play often during the summer.

Minor Topics.

Charley Ross' father is confident that his child still lives and will be returned to him.

Nearly 3,000,000 pounds of fish were landed at Gloucester, in one week, recently.

Gen. Sherman has had another town named after him. It is in Illinois, opposite St. Louis.

Advices from all sections of Minnesota indicate an almost entire absence of grasshoppers.

The taxable wealth of Texas is said to have been increased thirty-three per cent. in four years.

The Illinois Board of Agriculture offers a prize of \$100 for the best half-mile of road made in the State this summer.

The Philadelphia Press concludes that the Pennsylvania wheat crop will fall short nearly ten million bushels.

It is estimated that the fruit yield at the South this summer will be quadruple that of last year, and the largest ever known.

Over \$100,000 worth of dogs, principally pointers and setters, were brought to this country from England during the past two years.

Wheat crops in Great Britain during the last nine years have yielded on an average twenty-nine and a half bushels per acre.

Mr. James Lick, the California philanthropist, has been sued for \$55,000 by his physician for alleged services during a period of 22 years.

Between the months of May and October, last year, 16,889 Russian convicts were banished to Siberia, and 2,349 women and children accompanied the exiles.

Cardinal McCloskey, on Thursday, confirmed twenty-nine young ladies of Mount St. Vincent, after which the ladies presented him with a diamond cross valued at \$20,000.

A sign of the giving way of caste theories in India was the recent marriage of a Hindu widow in Bombay. Over one hundred friends were present at the ceremony, including a number of orthodox Brahmins.

Fanciers look at poultry breeding as a fine art. The production of poultry in the United States is not less than 250,000,000 lbs. annually, worth \$50,000,000, and eggs worth as much more.

It is announced in Rome that 36 documents connected with Michael Angelo, and of great interest in the history of art, have been discovered there. They will be furnished for his centenary this fall.

In the city of New York, last year 27,203 men and 13,574 women were arrested for drunkenness. The legalized machinery by which this wretchedness is stimulated consists of 8,403 liquor saloons.

The number of suicides in the German army amounted in 1874 to 193, which gives the proportion per 1,000 men of 0.54 annually. The proportion is, in the Austrian army, 0.85; in the French army, 0.51; in the Belgian army, 0.45; and in the English army, 0.38.

The Irish language is fast disappearing from the speech of the people in Ireland, and there are not many native youth who can even understand it. The Archaeological Association of Ireland has asked the Commissioners of Education to "preserve the Irish tongue from being lost," and have it regularly taught in the schools.

John Chinaman is a very apt scholar. The Celestial Washerwomen of St. Louis have formed a Protective Trade Union for the regulation of prices; and one of the points which they aim at is the total abolition of the credit system, which has proved the bane of the shirt-washing interest.

The total number of Sunday-schools in the United States is given at 68,209; teachers and officers, 740,979; Sunday-school scholars, 5,637,367; total Sunday-school membership, embracing teachers, officers and scholars, 6,573,346. In Canada the number of schools is 4,401; teachers and officers, 35,745; Sunday-school scholars, 271,381; total Sunday-school membership, 307,126.

The Union "Spell."

The Presbyterian and Methodist societies of this village had a union "spell" in the church of the former, on Wednesday evening, May 19th. Mrs. J. P. Stratton was the school-mistress, John C. Taylor and John W. Ladd, captains of the hosts who entered into the orthographical battle, Mrs. T. W. Skinner and Mrs. M. L. Wright, referees.

The leaders, judging from the past, wisely chose ladies as chief assistants. Each selected twelve persons, and then spiritedly entered upon the strife.

The rules governing the match were, with one exception, the same as those of the former one, i. e., when a word was missed, it was not given to the next person, but the pronouncer gave the correct spelling, and the person missing retired from the contest. On account of this rule, persons were not taken from the respective sides, as previously. Miss M. Howard (one of the best spellers in town) was the first one tripped by the irregularities of the English language, on "sylogism," and received a ten dollar bill which came from the vault of the Alabama capitol. Wm. Robbins was almost "unparalleled." Dr. G. P. Johnson was not "exhilarated" by the applause that followed his going down. Mrs. D. Foster sought to soften the word tyranny by inserting another r. S. H. Stone did not miss his word, but his manner of spelling it was "grotesque." John C. Taylor thought "ossefy" preferable to ossify. Mrs. Humphries couldn't understand why it was not allowable to use two l's in superlatives. Mrs. H. C. Beals wished to know why, as vacillate was to fluctuate, it would not do to change it to "vassillate." D. Foster thought that as Christian was ti-a-n, optician would be "o-p-t-i-t-i-a-n." M. L. Wright preferred to omit the h in schismatic. S. H. Stone wished to strengthen Mr. Taylor's side by putting two l's in battalion. "Acquital" exempted Mrs. T. G. Brown from any further part in the contest. L. W. Robinson wished to know why "villainy" was not as great a crime as villainy. Miss E. N. Beebe managed lacerate by turning it into "lascerate." Miss Fanny Wilder was "exterpeted." Mrs. G. Linsley liked "fascinating" better than fascinating. Fred King believed that, as subterraneous was already under the ground, one r would not affect it, but it rose from the earth and overthrew him. Earl Soule knew that a fanatic is one who goes to extremes, and therefore spelled fanaticism accordingly—"phanaticism." T. W. Skinner, not liking pusillanimous, changed it to "pusillanamous." Rev. J. P. Stratton had "testations" instead of testaceous. Mrs. B. S. Stone, likes reciprocity, but spelled it reciprocity, and therefore had to retire. Miss Martha Whitney didn't see why "daguerotype" wouldn't do as well as daguerotype. As the chameleon changed its color, Mrs. Trowbridge thought the way of spelling its name might be changed to "chamelien." Mr. Ladd was now the only one remaining upon his side, and Mrs. S. H. Stone upon Mr. Taylor's side. Soon the word echinocyst was given to Mr. Ladd, and

the victor, and as such she received the prize—Tennyson's Poems. The audience then adjourned to the Lecture-room for refreshments, and a pleasant social was enjoyed, after which all returned home well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Acknowledgment.

It will be remembered by those interested that the goods donated, and left at Mr. Hood's, in February last, were divided, and one half of them sent to Rev. C. E. Jones, of Belleville, Kansas, and the other to Rev. C. S. Marvin, of Gibbon, Nebraska, for distribution to the needy. They were all shipped about March 1st, and those that went to Kansas reached their destination promptly, and the receipt of the same was gratefully acknowledged through the Independent several weeks since. The box to Nebraska was not so fortunate in getting through, and was detained in Detroit until they wrote back here for assurance that the goods were not for private individuals, but for general distribution. On receiving this assurance, they went forward free of freight charges, and we have the following acknowledgment of their reception:

FERU, Neb., May 17, 1875.
Mrs. Hood—Madam: We were just leaving Gibbon, during the last week in April, when the goods sent by the good people of Mexico came. We were very sorry to miss the pleasure we should have found in the overhauling, distributing and acknowledging. The goods were put in charge of Mr. S. W. Seeley, of Gibbon, a very worthy, faithful man, of the best of judgment, and we have no doubt the distribution will be made as faithfully, wisely and conscientiously by him, aided by his most worthy wife, as any of us could desire.

In behalf of the good people of Gibbon, we wish to thank you and the ladies with you, and all the kind hearts who have been associated with you in the noble deed of making up and sending the goods. I can't tell of half the good they must do, of the joy of suffering ones relieved, to know they are kindly remembered by their more fortunate brothers in the East. Eternity alone can reveal to you the good you have done.

Respectfully and truly yours,
CHAS. S. MARVIN.

The Middletown Press says: A Middle official, who is in a position to know, denies that Mr. Hewitt has received \$40,000 for his services as receiver, and that his counsel has received \$20,000. He also affirms that Mr. Stevens' salary, as general manager, is overstated at \$10,000. Mr. Hewitt, it is claimed, receives nothing for his services.

The students of our Academy are busily engaged in preparing for the coming Anniversary, and, judging from our acquaintance with those who are to take part, we assure our citizens that the exercises will be well worth attending.

COLOSSE.

The steam saw mill at Union Square, owned by T. W. Skinner, of Mexico, and run by Geo. Gardner, is just in receipt of a new boiler—a forty horse power. The boiler with fifty-four feet of smoke-stack, thirty inches in diameter, and the expense of placing all in running order will be about one thousand dollars. This mill is turning out about an average of seven thousand feet of lumber per day, and about one thousand five hundred pieces of heading from slabs. When they cut heading from the bolts they cut about three thousand per day.

Charlie House, near Colosse, was kicked by a young horse a few days ago. The blow took effect just over the eye. The hurt was quite stunning, but not very serious.

The Colosse Cornet Band, in full rig, went up to Parish last Saturday night and made all hearts merry.

Mr. Clauden, our wagon maker, is moving up to Parish. Success to him in his new home.

Cephas Frary is just recovering from another severe attack of the inflammatory rheumatism.

Corn planting is on the carpet now-a-days.

E. D. PHILLIPS.
Colosse, N. Y., May 24th, 1875.

PARISH.

Last Saturday evening the Colosse Cornet Band gave us lots of silvery-toned music. Dr. Green especially received a large share. No jealousy about it. Come again.

Yesterday, Rev. E. D. Phillips preached at Slawson's Hall to a good audience. In three weeks he will preach here again.

In the evening Rev. L. Rice, of Watertown, preached at the same place. He had a large and attentive audience.

Mr. Orson Smith, of Manlius, has been in town the past week visiting friends and relations. Mr. Smith is a very intelligent, aged gentleman, and unlike most persons, he has prepared his own funeral discourse.

Parish, May 23, 1875.

NEW HAVEN.

Tuesday evening, May 18, the people of this place had the pleasure of attending an entertainment at the Congregational church, consisting of singing, recitations, declamations, &c., followed by a "spell down," which was short and sweet. Although a number from Scriba joined in the contest, N— H— waved the banner of victory, and sank to rest on "pomace."

The exercises were enlivened with singing, &c., by a troupe of small boys from Mexico, who acquitted themselves well; and we render our hearty thanks, wishing them success in the future.

I insert a few words which were missed for your instruction and amusement:

Correct.	Incorrect.
Ganot	Ganot,
Robbit,	Rabbet,
Conceit,	Conciet,
Basin,	Bason,
Ralph,	Walrah,
Reuben,	Ruben,
Hugh,	Hue,
Ira,	Irie,
Sophie,	Sophy,
Calyx,	Calix,
Cleero,	Scisero,
Wooster,	Wooster,
Saltetre,	Saltetre,
Chuppenble	Chuppenble

Laurent Clerc:
This world of ours has nothing dark or strange,
But God, through man, will work a wondrous change.
Ages may pass and bring us no relief,
But come it will, then perish unbelief.
Long years have passed, so our annals tell,
Before was raised the cloud that o'er them fell—
The cloud that shut the deaf from all mind-light—
The cloud that made the world seem black as night.
The first bright ray, forerunner of the burst,
The flood of sun, to those men thought accursed,
Began to glimmer—was it fate or chance?
Above the home of arts—beautiful France.
There, taught in youth by teacher's skillful hand,
He grew in knowledge—wisdom's magic wand
Transformed. And a once-dark and empty mind
Gave back fourfold its blessings to mankind.
He left his home, his friends, his kindred all,
Resigned his native joys and answered duty's call,
Then joining him—a name* now glorified;
He came to us, and our great want supplied.
His guiding hand unfolded thought,
Wisdom to darkened minds he brought,
Joy to the deaf-mutes' heart, and love
Of earth below and hope of heaven above.
What if he taught by gesture choice,
By rapid hands, and not by voice?
Those hands a richer need can claim,
Than all that wait on wealth and fame.
The sculptured marble must dissolve in dust;
Not such the triumphs of the good and just;
His name through time in history bright ap-
pears,
To us the brightest of a thousand years.
K.
May, 1875.
*Rev. T. H. Gallaudet.

A Social Evening.

A BIT OF A DEAF-MUTE'S EXPERIENCE.

"Well K," said Mr. B., leaning back from the supper table one evening not long ago, "suppose we drive up and see Mrs. Supt. C. She is a very nice lady, wife of our Superintendent of Education, himself a very agreeable and intelligent man; she has a deaf-mute cousin, doesn't live with her though, married and moved out west, but she knows the manual alphabet, and is much interested in the deaf and dumb. Won't you go?"
"Oh, certainly, most happy," we replied, and we got ready to go, not, however, without a foreboding of some of the inconvenient possibilities inseparable from such occasions. The entrance into a literary circle is never without its risks.
The carriage came around, Mrs. B. and her son joined us, and we drove away. Arriving at Mrs. C's, we were inwardly encouraged by a parley with the servant who came to open the door, and we hope we were not wicked when we wished no one was at home. As if to punish the desire, we were ushered into a tastefully arranged drawing room, and from the various attractive paintings it contained it bore a decidedly artistic air. Our interest in these was happily broken by the entrance of Mrs. C., whom had we not seen speak, we should have taken her for a deaf-mute, so perfectly did she use the alphabet. The weather and a good many other things were exhausted, and topics relating to the deaf were dangerously near, when Mr. C. entered. He was going to make a trial of a new magic lantern he had, he said, and would not we remain and see how it worked.
"Most happy to do so," we uttered too late, for just then the door opened and a company of young ladies gracefully swept in, who soon made everything merry. The Rev. Mr. D. dropped in presently; he was a man of letters and had a distinguished bearing, and from what he said we understood he had been connected with the Pennsylvania Institution some thirty years ago, in what capacity we did not learn. He and Mrs. B. entered into conversation; they are old friends. As is generally the case, one of the young ladies understood the double handed alphabet; we knew something of it and so we tried to talk, but it was slow work and pencil and paper kept us busy for the next half hour. One of the dear creatures who, by the way, was the merriest in the parlor, seemed to have a great deal to do with her handkerchief. It was continually in motion. Was she flirting? According to our introduction, she was a school teacher and so perchance thought. But the handkerchief did fly, and executed every known motion. Just at this moment Mr. B., whose conversation with the clergyman had evidently taken a literary turn, approached us and inquired if we didn't have some manuscript about us. Manuscript! Of course we didn't. We always leave such things at home, a custom all writers will do well to adopt; but we made a pretense of looking for some and fumbled about our pockets, bringing to light nothing worse than an old letter, written to a friend, but never mailed. But horror of horrors! this seemed to suffice and Mr. B. blandly passed it to Rev. D., who read it over his spectacles and returned it without comment. We afterwards examined that letter and were extremely relieved to find it very sensible and prosaic.
Suddenly Mr. C. asked us if we used Jacob's text books for the deaf in all our institutions. The question in itself was simple enough, but we must always make allowance for association of ideas, and on this question the association was unlucky enough for us. It reminded Mr. B. that Mr. E., deaf-mute, who had visited him recently had very graciously repeated the Lord's Prayer in signs, and the mere mention of this was enough for an acclamation that we should do likewise. Mr. B. insisted on it as a personal favor, Rev. D. thought it would have a good moral effect on the company, and the young ladies were clamorous. So with the remark that we "wished we were a young lady, we could do it more gracefully than," we delivered the Prayer in the best pantomime we could command. It wasn't a pleasant task to face that broadside of glittering eyes, but if the company enjoyed it, we suppose we ought to be socially

happy over the success of the attempt to please.
But it's a precedent of which we shall always be painfully aware whenever we make a social call with Mrs. B., and as these calls are of frequent occurrence, we may as well make up our mind to submit to the inevitable.
K.
New York Notes.
(From our own Correspondent.)
Within the past few years it has become quite the custom among deaf-mutes to celebrate the anniversary of their marriages, and such occasions are always pleasant to the happy couples and their friends. Since my last letter to the JOURNAL, two wedding-day anniversaries have come and gone, calling up delightful reminiscences of the past, reminding the recipients of various handsome presents, of the day on which they were united in the holy bonds of marriage. Of these two couples I will first speak of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ling, of Williamsburgh, L. I., who had the pleasure of inviting a few of their friends to their home on the evening of April 23d—the tenth anniversary of their marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Ling are both deaf-mutes, and were educated at the New York Institution. They have three children, two girls and one boy, all of whom can hear and speak. About thirteen friends assembled and brought with them some new articles of tinware, which were very acceptable to the family. During the merriment of the evening one thing was not forgotten—that favorite beverage among deaf-mutes, *lager beer*. Intemperance is quite as common among our class as among any other, and steals the hard-earned money out of many a poor man's pocket. There seems to be no help for it, for there is no law strong enough to forbid the sale of ardent spirits, and never may be strong enough.
Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Williamson, of Gravesend, L. I., had a very nice reception at their residence, on the evening of May 5th, the joyful anniversary of their wedding-day. They are also deaf-mutes and graduates of the New York Institution previous to its removal to its present suburban location. Owing to pressing engagements and the great distance from this city, only seven lady and gentlemen friends could avail themselves of the kind invitation given by Mr. W. and his amiable lady, (whose maiden name was Miss Elizabeth A. Sharot). The deaf-mute guests were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. O. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis, Miss Kate Blauvelt, Mr. M. Heyman and Mrs. Williams. This last named lady has an only son, a promising young doctor, who bids fair to rise to distinction in the medical world, (thanks to Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, who rendered him much valuable assistance when he was a boy.) Mr. and Mrs. W. were the first deaf-mute couple ever married in St. Ann's church, on 18th street—fifteen years ago. What changes have occurred within this short interval of years! Then there was no DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL in this State, no base ball or debating clubs were started at the institutions. The "Church Mission for Deaf Mutes" was in a very feeble condition, and Dr. Gallaudet was quite alone in his labors of love for those whom he may truly call his father's children. This Church Mission has become a great help to the deaf and dumb all over the country, and has been the means of establishing a Home for the aged and infirm deaf-mutes here.
My wayward thoughts stray too far from my subject—the power of association of ideas is strong. As Mr. Williamson's home is about nine miles from the railroad depot, a wagon was in waiting to convey the party to their journey's end. This vehicle was driven by a man with a coal black skin, and who had been a slave somewhere at the south. The wagon was so large that it could have seated twenty-five persons. Ample justice was done to the abundance of good things provided for those who came to partake of them. Mr. W. is a first-rate cabinet-maker, and specimens of his own handiwork were displayed about the rooms. These articles of home comfort were greatly admired by those who saw them. A handsome sleigh was shown, also the work of his own hands. Mr. W. is not a cabinet-maker by trade, but the furniture he has made is for family use. He has the reputation of being an excellent farmer, and enjoys all the comforts of a rural gentleman of leisure. His wife is a very good housekeeper, as her friends can tell by the many nice things she made for them to eat. One of the guests told the writer of this that he enjoyed himself very much indeed, and so we can imagine that everything went off as pleasantly as possible.
There is now at the House of Refuge, on Randall's Island, a deaf and dumb, young girl about fifteen years of age, named Eliza Monahan. She was at the institution for a couple of years, then sent to St. Joseph's Asylum, at Fordham. It is thought that she did not receive very good care at this Roman Catholic charitable asylum, and it is understood there are a number of young deaf-mutes there. She was taken sick with the typhoid fever and removed to the Island. She is now doing well, but is of an idiotic turn of mind. Her mother (who is a devout Romanist) has lost the use of her feet by paralysis, and is not able to walk at all. This poor young female may, in time, become an inmate of the Home for the Aged and Infirm. When the new home is ready the number of inmates will be increased.
Mr. P. Fanning and Miss Carrie A. Waldruff, of this city, were married at Dr. Gallaudet's residence on the evening of April 28th. They are not Americans by birth, but were educated at the institution at Washington Heights. After they were united in marriage they returned to Mr. Buhle's house where they received the hearty congratulations of their friends; this was strictly a private affair. The next day Dr. Gallaudet started for Philadelphia where he united in marriage another deaf-mute couple, Mr. Washington Houston and Miss H. E.

Franks. Mr. H. was a pupil of the N. Y. Institution, and his bride of the Pennsylvania school. We wish these young couple much joy, and hope the current of their lives will flow smoothly on until death shall separate them.
Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Syle, of Pa., attended divine service at St. Ann's Church on Easter Sunday afternoon, and their many friends were delighted to see them. They may rest assured that they are always welcome in Brooklyn and New York, and will receive a kind reception whenever they come east again.
Dr. Gallaudet has been out of the city a good deal since April 29th. He has visited Pennsylvania, Washington, Baltimore, Rochester, Boston, Rome, &c. He was present at the confirmation of two deaf-mutes at Rochester, and we understand from him that the Central School at Rome is doing well. He is always busy and has his hands full. Everybody seems to want him, here and there and everywhere.
There is to be an exhibition at the deaf and dumb institution next Tuesday, May 18th. The JOURNAL will no doubt be furnished with the necessary details by some reliable correspondent, or clippings from the daily press of this city. We anticipate a fine day.
L. A. W.
New York, May 13, 1875.

Indiana Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The writer, on learning that W. M. French alias "W. Brown," was in this city on his old tricky business, hastened to equip himself in light marching order, carrying only a note book, a No. 2 Faber pencil, a lasso and instructions to capture and interview "W. Brown." Approaching the fruit stand at the corner of Meridian and Washington Sts., where he was standing, conversing with Mr. Lipp Griesheimer, a mute and the proprietor of the stand, he saw the object of his search, and ran wildly down Meridian St. a piece, and then up a flight of steps that led into a labyrinthical building. Pursuing him down the St. and then up the steps, the writer, with the skill of a Mexican Granger, caught him by the tail of his coat, an old fashioned, gray coat, as he was dodging behind a Saratoga trunk in the hall on the second floor. "W. Brown" finding it no use to kick against destiny, succumbed, and after being bored severely with some sharp questions, which hit directly upon everything relative to the authority and object of those slanderous charges, which, under the influence of malice, he confessed with shame and mortification that he had made, and that his object in doing it was to injure the party which is in power at present. He further said that the party had nominated him as a candidate for Recorder of Monroe Co., Ind., but it failed to elect him, and for that reason he was determined to be revenged, and thought he had been very successful in exposing the party. He further confessed to the writer, that he was in a very bad fix, and did not know how to get out of it honorably, unless he traveled over the State in search of old, filthy things from among the old graduates as evidences to support his tricks. The writer being a little crazy over what he had accomplished, supposed he had obtained all the information he needed for evidence in the case which has been for some time pending in court, but soon after the writer had left and disappeared out of sight, he thought of another thing to ask him, and thinking it was no use to fight against fate returned where he had left him a minute previously, but found to his great dismay, that the "rascal" had left and taken the train down to Franklin, Ind., for a retreat over Sunday. The writer's object in interviewing him once more before the case should come up, was to ascertain whether he signed himself "W. Brown" on the registers in the several hotels in the city and elsewhere. He neither confessed nor denied that he did, but only said that he did not at present feel at liberty to say either. He declared emphatically that he could not say either without committing himself one way or the other, and would therefore defer his answer. This is a confession of his guilt, and the public feels its force, and are convinced that he is the author of those mean and cowardly charges, as he made such charges once before. This, very important information directly from him, furnishes the public with another affidavit to have him brought before the court. After a week's absence from the city, in other places of the State, he returned with nothing to defend himself, and as soon as the train entered the Union depot the deputy sheriff, who had been sent out for him with a subpoena warrant, grabbed him by the coat collar and said, "Halt, sir, you are my prisoner," pulling out the warrant to show to him. He was taken to the court house and led in before the grand jury to take the oath and answer some questions. He seemed not a little surprised and embarrassed when the writer addressed him as "W. Brown." He tried in vain to elude all the questions asked him by the jury. He was so frightened that he could not do more than perjure himself. As soon as he had been severely put through this unpleasant thing, he was glad to leave the city, we hope, forever, and those men who employed him were glad of his riddance. They won't pay him now for the filthy work he has done.
"W. Brown" has at last seen his folly, and I do not doubt he is wiser now than he was before. If he has plenty of time to reflect on his evil doings and mean tricks, I do not doubt he will learn more moral truth from the fable of the frogs which were pelted by those merciless and vicious chaps, who did it just for fun. The law does not pardon such offences, and therefore "W. Brown" ought to be punished by all means. He was in Terre Haute the last time he was heard from. We should not be surprised to learn that he was in Halifax the next

time we hear from him. I do not doubt but the coward is at last convinced that it will never do to write such filthy stuff about good people and then hide himself by a fictitious name.
The weather has at last begun to be settled, and last Sunday (16th) was the most beautiful, pleasant and charming day of the season. It brought a large number of mutes to the institution to attend service. There were three married couples with their children, and a number of others living near.
There will be a social gathering of the children in the spacious sewing room tomorrow evening, and if the weather continues to be good till next week the children will then have a picnic in a pleasant grove about 1½ miles north-east of the institution. No railroads to cross going there.
Mrs. S. J. Vail has had fourteen calls from mutes lately.
Mr. R. McKim & Son, of whom I made mention, have dissolved their old firm and formed another co-partnership under the name of R. McKim & Co. The following will show the members of the firm:
"CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE."
The undersigned have formed a co-partnership, under the firm name of R. McKim & Co., for the purpose of carrying on the coal business.
R. McKim,
A. F. THOMPSON,
R. J. GRAHAM,
J. R. McKim."
Madison, April 1, 1875.
R. E. PORTER.
Indianapolis, May 18, 1875.
P. S.—We regret to learn that the sister of Mrs. S. J. Vail is very low and little hope is entertained of her recovery. The afflicted parents and friends have our sympathy.

News of the Week.

(From our own Correspondent.)

France is making preparations to secure a creditable representation at the Philadelphia Centennial.
The brigantine Orient ran ashore near Anticosti Island, East Canada, last November, and the captain and seven men were frozen to death in the rigging, and six men were drowned.
The people of Mecklenburg, N. C., celebrated Thursday, the one hundredth anniversary of the declaration of independence made at that place.
Abraham Jackson, a prominent lawyer of Boston, has disappeared, and is an alleged defaulter to the amount of \$200,000, as far as discovered. There are indications, however, that his operations will cause losses far beyond this when all is known.
It is reported that Mr. Disraeli will resign at the end of the Parliamentary session, owing to ill health.
The investigation by the Belgian authorities into the alleged Duchesne plot against the life of Prince Bismarck has resulted in the acquittal of Duchesne.
The Egyptian Government has accepted the invitation to be represented at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.
Mrs. Frances Minor, Miss Phoebe W. Cozzens and others are trying to get the Missouri Constitutional Convention to put a clause in the new Constitution giving women the right to vote.
S. Gross Fry, President of the Philadelphia and Darby Railroad, has been arrested on a charge of embezzlement.
Forest fires have been very destructive in Pike, Wayne, Sullivan and Monroe counties, Pa. The fire at Osceola in that State, destroyed 250 houses and made 400 families homeless. Hautzdale, a town six miles distant, is reported to be destroyed, and at latest accounts the fire had travelled through the forest to Parsonville. The ties on the Pennsylvania Railroad are burned in several places.
The New York Legislature adjourned Saturday after the transaction of a large amount of miscellaneous business during the day in both branches.
The Presbyterian General Assembly meeting in Cleveland, O., Saturday, adopted resolutions in opposition to the proposed combination of the common and Roman Catholic schools.
At a meeting of prominent Spanish politicians at Madrid, it was decided to submit to the next Cortes a constitution formed on a basis of compromise of all monarchical and liberal parties.
"Chicken Forbes," a notorious character of Rochester, N. Y., assaulted his wife Sunday, and after giving her a parting blow ran out of the house to escape arrest, when he burst a blood-vessel and fell dead.
Seventy-six Catholic pilgrims have been drowned by the sinking of a boat at the town of Judenburg, Styria.
The first regular day for cheese sales at the recently established cheese market in Fulton was May 19. The number of boxes sold was 519, or an aggregate of about 30,000 pounds.
James Lester, the Sterling Postmaster, convicted at Rochester of opening letters committed to his charge as Postmaster, was sentenced Friday to pay a fine of \$350. He paid the fine and was discharged from custody.
The growth of vegetation for the last few days has been almost marvelous, particularly is it noticeable in our shade trees, which are the pride and beauty of our village. They are rapidly clothing themselves in their beautiful robes of green.
Captain John Malone, of Oswego, assaulted S. A. Webb, May 23. As both are citizens of prominence, the matter caused considerable excitement. Malone was arrested and released on security for \$800 bail.
It seems that all the hens are not so discouraged at the low price of eggs, as is Mr. Allen's, judging from one given us a few days ago by Mr. Christopher Calkins, which measures 8½ by 6 inches in circumference. If we continue to receive these contributions, we propose to invest in a receipt for preserving eggs in lime, and have no doubt but what we shall soon be independently rich. Bring on your eggs, friends.

Obituary.
Died, in the town of Palermo, May 14th, 1875, Truman H. Walton, in the 49th year of his age.
The subject of this notice embraced religion in the morning of life, and it seems to me, deserves, especially for the good of the living, more than a passing notice. He not only had the name, but his life was that of a Christian. He was respected by the church and the world. Some months ago it became evident to himself and his family, that death had marked him for its victim, and when so announced to him by his physician, he did not seem in the least disturbed in mind, but calmly and meekly said the Lord's will be done; and although strongly attached to his family and friends, yet with calm composure he commenced making preparations to adjust his temporal matters so that he might leave his family and farm free from debt. When this was accomplished he said, "Now, I am ready to go," but the good Lord allowed him to live longer before he took him to himself. In all that time he was a great sufferer, but was never known to murmur or complain, but often said, "It is all right, my blessed Jesus suffered for me, and I am willing to suffer." He said the Lord gave him grace to bear it, and although some time previous to his death he required constant care day and night, yet it was a pleasure to all who had the privilege of ministering to his wants, to be with him and enjoy his company and his thankfulness for every favor received by him. Although not a doubt existed in the mind of any about his future prospects, yet he often said to his afflicted companion that there was a mystery to him beyond death, that he wished to know more about the home of the blessed. Finally, consecrating himself, his family and his all anew to Jesus, he seemed to be sweetly trusting in Him for some time, and then opening his eyes he said, "I have had a view across the river; yes, glory to God! I know now where I am going," and added, "I have had a view of that beautiful land. I see green fields and springs of water; then raising his frail hands he exclaimed, 'See them come, oh! see them come; all dressed in their beautiful white robes! Oh! can it be that such a poor, unworthy creature as I am, can have such an escort of angels to bear my spirit home! If this be dying let me die. Bright angels are from glory come, they are around my bed, they are in my room, don't you hear them sing.' His wife said, 'Now, Truman, now I can give you up.' He smilingly replied, 'Susan, I know where I am going,' and then taking the hand of each of his family and other friends that stood by, gave them the farewell kiss, wanted them all to meet him in heaven, and to all appearance was gone; but after a little time he revived or became conscious and lived several days longer. He seemed more like an angel than a human being, and often said, "I know where I am going; yes, glory!" Such was his life, sickness and death that those who visited him, acknowledged the power of divine grace to sustain the Christian on a bed of suffering and death. He leaves an afflicted wife, son and daughter, and many near and dear relatives, friends and neighbors, who deeply feel his loss and sympathize with the afflicted family, yet they are consoled by the fact that they expect to meet husband, father and friend in a better world, where no farewell tear is shed.
His funeral was attended, at Vermilion, on Sunday, the 16th. Rev. Mr. Devitt, of the Central New York Conference, preached to a large concourse of people, from these words: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," and his body was consigned to the tomb to await the resurrection of all those that die in Christ.
J. P.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

A PAPER
FOR THE
DEAF & DUMB.
The Journal for 1875.
BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE.
WILL DEPARTMENT EVERY BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS AIM WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of

HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.

Who needs no introduction to our readers.

HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.

—The state shoot opens at Watertown next Monday.

—There are about ninety inmates in the Binghamton Inebriate Asylum.

—The Huntington Guards marched through our streets on Monday night, keeping step to martial music.

—A fur collar was left in the Episcopal church a few weeks since. The owner can have the same by calling at Mrs. L. H. Conklin's.

—Rev. Mr. Stebbins, pastor of Grace (Presbyterian) church, Oswego, will deliver the annual address before the students of our Academy at their coming anniversary.

—Rowell's forthcoming newspaper directory shows the failure of over one thousand newspapers in this country during the past year, the loss to publishers, subscribers and advertisers amounting to over eight million dollars, the State of New York alone losing half a million.

—E. T. Stone, of this village, caught, at Mexico Point, last Friday, a pickerel weighing 7½ pounds. Dr. O. E. Heaton caught 2 very fine ones at the same place, yesterday (Tuesday). A muscalonge was caught on Friday, near the Texas' bridge, which was claimed to have weighed about 30 pounds. We like fish.

—Little Herbie, four years of age, the son of Mr. P. M. Nowton, came near being drowned Wednesday afternoon. He was walking across a plank over the creek in the rear of Baldwin's planing mill, when he fell and floated down stream in the rapid current. Fortunately Mr. Gilbert Widrig was at work near by, and rescued him.—Sandy Creek News.

—The Watertown Despatch says: "We understand that Dudley P. Phelps has been appointed receiver of the Syracuse Northern railroad, and that James Brown of Syracuse, former superintendent, is running the road, and that the employees have been instructed not to recognize orders from the superintendent of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg road. On whose motion a receiver has been appointed we are not informed."

Postage Free.

Subscribers for the JOURNAL have no Postage to pay.

We shall pay the postage on every paper that we mail.

This does not increase the price of the paper; it remains the same.

AGENTS.

We want agents in every available locality. All reliable men acting as our agents will be allowed to retain, as commission, twenty-five cents on every subscription they obtain. Those who wish to serve will please communicate with us at once.

TERMS.

One copy one year, in advance, - \$1 50

Clubs of ten, - - - - - 1 25

One copy, six months, in advance, - 75

These prices are invariable. Remit by draft, post office money order, or registered letter.

Address

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,

Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Literary Notices.

SCRIBNER FOR JUNE.—If you should lay Scribner for June on the table before me, (says some one writing from New York), after looking over the pictures and browsing through Clarence Cook's Furniture Article, and the "Old Letters," and getting even with the serials, I should settle down to the reading of James T. McKay's "Birdsall of Mapleton." I can tell you confidentially, that I would not be disappointed. That McKay has a wonderful way of making people and events seem real. As in reading the best fictionists, like George Eliot and Tourgenoff, you cannot help putting yourself in the place of this or that character, and every now and then you are startled by an awakened memory.

Albert Rhode's descriptions of "The Latin Quarter" gives, I should say, a pretty good idea of a certain phase of Parisian Bohemianism. Col. Waring's paper on Dutch Farming appeals forcibly to the agricultural districts; and gives these districts—particularly the dairy farms—some practical suggestions of value. Mr. A. B. Johnson, secretary of the late Mr. Sumner, tells some characteristic anecdotes about the Senator. As for Mr. Cook's household paper, with its tasteful and pretty illustrations,—this is one of the most amusing and interesting papers in the number. The suggestions as to furnishing, etc., are given very modestly, and in a manner which sets the reader to thinking for himself. There is a generous installment of Seven-oaks, and a very small installment of The Mysterious Island, which the Editors seem to be holding down to the last point. Mr. Munger's article on "Maxims" presents views on the subject which will be new to many readers. The most striking poetic feature of the number is "The Power of Prayer," a dainty dialect poem by Sidney and Clifford Lanier.

Dr. Holland discusses "Instruction from Outside," "The Shrinkage of Values," and "The Music of the Church." The Old Cabinet contains "Some Suggestions Concerning the Art of Conversation." The new department of "The World's Work" is quite full.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR JUNE.—Opens with a most charming frontispiece illustrating a fanciful poem by Rachel Pomroy, about a little giant-girl, who is certainly unlike any other of her race with whom we are acquainted.

Stories of adventure have by this time come to be a fixed fact with the boys who read St. Nicholas, and they fully appreciate the interesting manner in which a "First Trout" was caught, the article telling them just "How to Camp Out at the Beach," and a certain crisis in the story of "The Young Survivor." As for the girls, they will testify that there is no lack of enjoyment for them when they have read the chapters of "Eight Cousins," "The Story for the Bird-defenders," "Christine's Answer," and "Among the Lilies."

Mrs. Diaz's "Bad Luck of Bubby Cry-away," the story of a "Ragamuffin Parity," "Mrs. Headache," and the beautiful poem of "The Fays"—beautiful in itself—is illustrated most exquisitely by Jessie Curtis.

The illustrations generally are admirably drawn and engraved; and the various departments are, as usual, full of information, anecdote, and humor.

Raphael Semmes' daughter, Anna, was married at Memphis, Tenn., a few days ago, beneath the large Confederate flag presented to her father while he was commanding the Alabama, by some London ladies.

A fund of \$13,000 has been raised by the women of Richmond for the erection of a monument to Gen. Robert E. Lee.

—There are now in Milan, it is said, three hundred American girls studying singing with a view to the operatic stage.

—The only suits that last longer than you want are law suits.

We are late, apparently, in receiving our stock of Parasols. The delay has been in consequence of having them all especially manufactured for us. Fortunately the weather has not required the EARLY use of these goods. Hence our stock received now, is just in time for the wants of customers. We have had unusual care taken with these goods, and can safely say that they excel any offered in former seasons.

All our qualities are the VERY best for the money; the qualities of the different parasols are all FAIRLY governed by each price. The finer goods are just as cheap as ordinary ones.

The better grades, from about \$3 up, are mostly twilled silk from the best quality. The handles selected for genteel appearance and taste, are of various designs and patterns. They are carved and PLAIN, of wood, of bone, of horn, of ivory, of ebony, of pearl. None but the best English Solid Rings, and Fox's PARAGON Frames.

We think it the choicest stock of parasols ever brought to this market.

MILTON S. PRICE,
38 and 40 South Saline St., Syracuse.

Emporium of Fashions.

Mme. Demorest's Reliable Patterns of all kinds and sizes, are for sale at 15 N. STONE, ROBINSON & Co's.

Baker, Confectioner AND GROCER.

A. S. GIBSON

Manufactures

BREAD, BUNS, CAKES, COOKIES &c., &c.,

Which he delivers at the houses of his customer. FRESH BREAD to be found at his store every day.

Also, he keeps on hand a large stock of GROCERIES, Of all kinds, always the best for the price.

TRY GIBSON'S 90c Jap T

And you will find it as cheap as the cheapest. Wholesale Dealer in Oysters, Candies, Cigars and Crackers.

Which will be found as good and cheap as any in the country. A. S. GIBSON, No. 1 Empire Block, Main Street, 10 MEXICO, N. Y. Mexico, Jan. 4, 1875.

WHERE shall we buy our Summer Clothing is the great and momentous question which is now agitating the public mind. To those uninitiated we would say:

Go where the Salesroom is well Lighted.

Go where every Garment is Guaranteed to fit.

Go where you will find the Largest Assortment.

Go where the Styles are the Newest.

Go to the Well Established Firm of BECKER BROS.

For your Clothing, Hats and Caps, BOOTS & SHOES, AND Dry Goods.

They also keep large assortments of

CARPETS, AND Oil Cloths.

Which will be sold as cheap as can be bought west of New York.

J. F. BECKER, D. D. BECKER, Mexico, May 26, 1874.

MEXICO ACADEMY, Mexico, N. Y.

Offers fine advantages in all the branches usually taught in such institutions.

An earnest effort will be put forth to make this school WORTHY of patronage.

The Expenses are Less

Than in most institutions of this grade.

Board can be obtained in private families at a reasonable rate. Many students furnish their own provisions, form a club, and hire some suitable person to do their cooking.

Thus Reducing the Price of Board to Actual Cost.

Winter Term of 13 weeks opens Dec. 8, 1874. All the old teachers are retained.

For rooms or further information address CHAS. E. HAVENS, A. B., Principal.

Or LEWIS MILLER, Mexico, N. Y., Nov. 25, 1874.

THE Engine Washer.

Having used the Engine Washer, we can say truly that it affords more help in washing day than any other machine we have known. Its advantage over every other machine is, that it is SELF-WORKING. A woman has only to wet her clothes, and lay them in the boiler on the engine, and the steam does the rubbing and boiling.

What it Saves: SAVES TIME. SAVES LABOR. SAVES WOOD. SAVES SOAP. SAVES Wear of Clothing.

MRS. J. T. HEWITT, MRS. M. E. IRISH, MRS. DR. RUNDELL, MRS. J. M. HOOD, MRS. JOHN KELLY, MRS. S. R. OVEIS, MRS. D. HOLMES.

Orders can be left at E. S. Stone & Co's Hardware Store, Mexico, N. Y. Mexico, Jan. 19, 1875.

HOLBROOK'S Family Liniment,

A Sure and Speedy Cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Influenza, Asthma, Sore Throat, Toothache, Headache, Chills, Sprains, Cuts, Bruises, Bites or Stings of Insects, Soreness or Pains in the Limbs, Feet and Joints, Pleurisy or Pains in the Side, or Pains of any Kind.

HOLBROOK'S Family LINIMENT Should be used internally for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Influenza, Soreness of Chest or Lungs, Sore Throat, Quinzy, Pleurisy or Pains in the Side, &c., &c.

Holbrook's Family Liniment Should be used externally for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns or Scalds, Bruises, Bites or Stings of Insects, Chills, Cuts, Pains in the Limbs, Feet and Joints, Neuralgia, Toothache, &c., &c.

Holbrook's Family Liniment. Exceeds all other Remedies in the Cure of the following Diseases in Horses and Cattle: Cuts, Bruises, Collar Bolls, Galls of all kinds, Spavin, both blood and bone, Sprains, Lameness, Caked Joints, and all other ailments, and healing of Sores and Wounds from any cause.

Holbrook's Family Liniment. Is a positive Specific and relieves local Pain more promptly than any other Medicine in use. Testimonials are being constantly received which place its powers in this respect beyond a doubt. Every Family should have a bottle of Holbrook's Family Liniment at hand, in case of sickness or accident.

Call on your Druggist and get a bottle of Holbrook's Family Liniment. GIVE IT A TRIAL.

Prepared by S. K. HOLBROOK, No. 20 North Water Street, Ogdensburg, to whom all orders should be addressed. Druggists can be supplied by JOHN C. TAYLOR, Mexico, N. Y. 14-ly

CALDWELL'S WINE and IRON Bitters FOR THE CURE OF Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Kidney Diseases, LIVER COMPLAINT, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, GENERAL PROSTRATION.

As a Morning Appetizer, THEY HAVE NO RIVAL.

It absolutely purifies the blood. It speedily corrects all morbid changes in the blood. It restores diseased, rendering it normal and healthy. It banishes those gloomy pleasures which produce gloom. It improves the appetite, and removes all disagreeable feeling after eating.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

CALDWELL'S COUGH CURE For Coughs, Colds, Croup, &c.

Caldwell's Magnetic Chloroid, An internal and external remedy.

CALDWELL'S Lily Balm, FOR BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION! REMOVING Freckles, Eruptions, Sunburn, Roughness, Tan, &c.

The Lily Balm will speedily remove the blemish, and impart softness, transparency, a rosy tinge and a pearl like lustre to the complexion. It contains no poison. It is the best and cheapest Toilet article ever offered to the public. Full directions on the label of each bottle. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

W. C. CALDWELL, Proprietor and Manufacturer, Medina, N. Y.

For sale by JOHN C. TAYLOR, Dealer in Drugs, Paints, Oils, Dry Goods, &c. 46-ly Main Street, Mexico, N. Y.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills, For the relief and cure of all derangements in the stomach, liver, and bowels. They are a mild, aperient, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no mercury or mineral whatever. Much serious sickness and suffering is prevented by their timely use; and every family should have them on hand for the relief and cure of all derangements. Long experience has proved them to be the safest, surest, and best of all the pills with which the market abounds. By their occasional use, the blood is purified, the corruptions of the system expelled, obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged and sluggish are cleansed by Ayer's Pills, and stimulated into action. This incipient disease is changed into health, the value of which change, when reckoned on the vast multitudes who enjoy it, can hardly be computed. Their sugar coating makes them pleasant to take, and preserves their virtues unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although searching, they are mild, and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or diet, or occupation.

Full directions are given on the wrapper to each box, how to use them as a Family Physic, and for the following complaints, which these Pills rapidly cure:—

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor and Loss of Appetite, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach, and restore its healthy tone and action.

For Liver Complaint and its various symptoms, Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice or Green Sickness, Bilious Colic and Bilious Fevers, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For Biliary or Diarrhoea, but one mild dose is generally required.

For Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back and Loins, they should be judiciously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For Dropsy and Dropsical Swellings, they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For Suppression, a large dose should be taken, as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a Dinner Pill, take one or two Pills to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these Pills makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Practical Chemists, LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

A New Idea!

WILSON

SHUTTLE

Sewing Machine



FOR

50 Dollars!!

FARMERS, MERCHANTS, MECHANICS, AND EVERYBODY

Buy the World-Renowned

WILSON

Shuttle Sewing Machine!

THE BEST IN THE WORLD!

The Highest Premium was awarded to it at

VIENNA;

Ohio State Fair;

Northern Ohio Fair;

Amer. Institute, N. Y.;

Cincinnati Exposition;

Indianapolis Exposition;

St. Louis Fair;

Louisiana State Fair;

Mississippi State Fair;

and Georgia State Fair;

FOR BEING THE

BEST SEWING MACHINES, and doing the largest and best range of work. All other Machines in the Market were in direct

COMPETITION!!

For Hemming, Felling, Binding, Braiding, Embroidering, Quilting and Stitching fine or heavy goods it is unsurpassed.

Where we have no Agents we will deliver a Machine for the price named above, at the nearest Rail Road Station of Purchasers.

Needles for all Sewing Machines for Sale.

Old Machines taken in Exchange.

Send for Circulars, Price List, &c., and Copy of the Wilson Reflector, one of the best Periodicals of the day, devoted to Sewing Machines, Fashions, General News and Miscellany.

Agents Wanted

ADDRESS,

Wilson Sewing Machine Co.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

E. M. ANDREWS, General Agent for Oswego County, 163 Water Street, OSWEGO, N. Y.

SMITH'S CRYSTAL SPECTACLES

Save Your Eyes, Save Your Money, Save Your Temper

Try Smith's Crystal Spectacles. They are Clear! They are Bright! They are Perfect! They are Made from Crystallized Quartz, and highly polished. They do not heat, they enable the wearer to see perfectly at any distance.

For sale by R. L. ALFRED, Mexico, N. Y.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER FOR THE DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875.

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE.

DEPARTMENT EVERY BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS JOURNAL AIM WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.

Who needs no introduction to our readers.

HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.

Postage Free.

Subscribers for the JOURNAL have no Postage to pay.

We shall pay the postage on every paper that we mail. This does not increase the price of the paper; it remains the same.

AGENTS.

We want agents in every available locality. All reliable men acting as our agents will be allowed to retain, as commission, twenty-five cents on every subscription they obtain. Those who wish to serve will please communicate with us at once.

TERMS.

One Copy one year, in advance, - \$1 50

Clubs of ten, - - - - - 1 25

One copy, six months, in advance, - 75

These prices are invariable. Remit by draft, post office money order, or registered letter.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.



Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion and Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs in Bilious Diseases.

The properties of Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Ant-Bilious.

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, and Diseases of the Skin of whatever nature or origin, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is found in your feelings; tell you when you keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, California, 401 cor. of Washington and Market Sts., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

SCOTCHCOCK & CO.

W. FAYETTE ST., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

BOOK & JOB PRINTERS

WOOD ENGRAVERS

LITHOGRAPHERS & C.

Special attention given to Wedding and Party Invitations, Business Cards, Letter Heads, and all other printing, promptly, neatly and cheaply furnished. Orders by mail carefully and correctly filled.